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Original Poetry.

WASTED TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HENRY MORFORD.

Alone in the dark and silent night,
With the heavy thoughts of a vanished year,
When evil deeds come back to sight,
And good deeds rise with a welcome cheer,—
Alone with the spectres of the past
That come with the old year's dying chime,
There gloomis one shadow, dark and vast,
The shadow of wasted time.

The chances of happiness cast away,
The opportunities never sought,
The good resolves that every day
Have died in the impotence of thought—
The slow advance and the backward step
In the rugged path we have striven to climb,
How they furrow the brow and pale the lip
When we talk with wasted time.

What are we now! What had we been
Had we hoarded time as the miser's gold,
Striving ever our meed to win
In the summer's heat or the winter's cold,
Shrinking from nought that the world could do,
Fearing nought but the touch of crime,
Laboring, struggling all seasons through,
And knowing no wasted time!

Who shall recall the vanished years,
Who shall hold back this ebbing tide
That leaves us remorse and shame and tears,
And washes away all things beside!
Who shall give us the strength, e'en now,
To leave forever this holyday mime,
To shake off this sloth from heart and brow,
And battle with wasted time.

The years that pass come not again,
The things that die no life renew,
But ev'n from the rust of this cankering chain
A golden truth is glimmering through—
That to him who learns from errors past,
And turns away with a strength sublime,
And makes each year outdo the last,
There is no wasted time.

Romance of Reality.

LOVE IN A PALACE.
A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

That love, pure and unadulterated, may sometimes exist beneath the gilded roof of a palace, as well as the thatched covering of a cottage, history ...

... was for the hand of the Princess Maria, so was our Cinderella called, as the wife of the Grand Duke Alexander, the heir of Russia.

If the young Princess had cause to complain that her birth had been ushered in with reproach and gloom, not so with her nuptials. The roar of a thousand cannon, and the bells of a hundred churches announced to the inhabitants of St. Petersburg, on the 28th of April, 1841, that the Princess Maria, of Hesse Darmstadt, had become the wife of their future Monarch. The parental wishes were accomplished—the young Grand Duke had lost the spleen and found a wife, nor is it believed he has ever regretted the exchange, and domestic felicity still reigns triumphant beneath the roof which covers the future monarchs of almost a world.

Pictures of Life.

A NIGHT AT HOME.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

When I was still only on the threshold of manhood, I found myself a unit in the mighty population of London, and it is hardly possible to convey an adequate idea of the loneliness of my condition. In a desert island one may be solitary enough, but the feeling of solitude cannot always be present; whereas in London, even the measureless and endless crowd which the provincial sees whirling around him, is a constant remembrancer that he is *alone*—

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on the wide, wide sea."

When little more than a boy, I had said to my mother, with the hero of many a fairy tale, "Mother, bake me a bannock, and roast me a collop, ...

...

... view I have described; and then, to the surprise and horror of his friends, his dead body was one day found in the river.

And what became of Isabel? Did I redeem my promise to love her? Were we married? Alas! alas! these questions could be easily disposed of in romance; but in a narrative of real life, they are of a kind which can rarely be answered without pain. I will not answer them at all. Suffice it, that the "serious business" I intended to commence in Scotland turned out, after two or three years trial, a joke; and that I returned, in pursuance of my destiny, to the brick boxes of London.

Selected Poetry.

A SONG AT DUSK.

BY JAMES BAYARD TAYLOR.

Oh, gloomy up the welkin's arch
The night in clouds comes striding on
And gathers Time, on tireless march,
Another day to myriads gone!
The sun, that in his grey robe drest,
Stole down the veiled and dark'ning sky,
Yet shines behind the clouded west,
Where the green hills of childhood lie;
My heart goes with him o'er the sea,
To gaze with all his beams, on thee!

Turbid and dark with melted snows,
The restless waters by me sweep,
From the far fountains where they rose,
Impatient, to their parent deep.
But when the chiding shores are gone,
And the blue ocean wastes expand,
Perchance some storm will bear them on
To break upon my fatherland!
With them careering fast and free,
My heart speeds homeward, love, to thee!

I hear the winds of evening moan
Through ivied towers, decayed and old,
Waving the tresses o'er the stone
In desolation doubly cold;
Yet, when o'er thousand leagues they blow
Beyond this dusky twilight's line,
Their winds may stoop to waken low
The music of our trysting pine,
And sighing with them in the tree,
My heart would whisper, love, to thee!

For the Ladies.

A FANCY FAIR.

[The following good hit at fairs, is from the "Natural History of Stuck-up People," by Albert Smith:]

Charity, it is said, covereth a multitude of sins; and when she does so with a veil of costly manufacture, however delicate and transparent its texture, the concealment is much more effectual than if it were a tarpaulin of the coarsest sackcloth. The Lacquer family are perfectly aware of this, ...

...

Some little time back, in consequence of embarrassed funds, the patronesses of the "Ladies'-babies'-bib-and-tucker-general-loan-association" determined upon holding a fancy fair for the benefit of the institution; and were fortunate enough not only to secure the approving countenance of the Dowager Lady Floss for the undertaking, but also to get a sermon preached in its favor by a pet parson at a fashionable church. Our acquaintances were amongst the first applied to for their support, which Mrs. Lacquer cheerfully promised, saying "that there was no labor in the world more gratifying than that of alleviating the distresses of our fellow-creatures; and that this had been her principal aim in giving her daughters the first education money could furnish." And then the patronesses of the association went away rejoicing, and proclaimed everywhere what kind and benevolent people the Lacquers were. But we ourselves had always been accustomed to look upon Mrs. Spangle Lacquer as a gaudy French clock, with very inferior works, which might be seen through the glass sides; and when we regarded the inward springs that set the motives of her life in action, we found out, that unless there had been a chance of her daughter's keeping a stall or having their productions lauded and chronicled in the columns of a fashionable journal, the "Ladies'-babies'-bib-and-tucker-general-association" might have fallen ...

...

THE COUNTESS.

...

Selected Articles.

FROM "THE PAST, THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE."

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

BY HENRY C. CAREY.

In no part of Europe has the tendency to civilization been so great as in England: yet, if we now examine her conditions, the conditions of civilization are complied with in a very limited degree. She uses much of the worst machinery of exchange, that she may cultivate poor and distant soils while neglecting the rich ones at her feet; and therefore it is that land remains undivided in the hands of great landowners whose debts are counted by millions of pounds, while surrounded by laborers living in mud hovels, and earning 8s. a week. Here we have the civilization of Rome in the days of Pompeii and Cæsar; or that of Pomerania, before the changes of the early years of the present century. Where such things are, true civilization has made little progress.

Neither can we see much of it in a system that enables great manufacturers to accumulate fortunes of millions of pounds out of the labors of the people who occupy the wretched cellars of Man...

...

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
SHIP CHANDLERY, TAR, PITCH, OAKUM, &c.

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HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

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INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following named persons who are to address for this paper:

Of Solomon Fenton, late of Litchfield, Connecticut.

Of John Crenshaw, late of Kinsbaker, Prairie co., Ill.

Of Zeeber & Brentlinger, late of Monroeton, Bradford county, Pa.

Of J. Gregory, late of Eagle Village, Indiana.

Of M. Brainard, late of Oneida Depot, N. York.

Of Jno. M. Smith, late of Troy, Pa.

Of Chas. B. Collier, late of Troy, Mississippi.

Of Capt. De Bouchett, late of Dobsque, Iowa.

Of Jno. D. Dayton, late of Richmond, Pa.

Of Jacob Scheer, late of Fredericksburg, Virginia.

Post Masters will please forward.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Dad's Theory: or Assurance has in good pounds —he it wrote more thinking then we have time or room to, to fit it for publication.

The Views of Assurance. We do not fancy Allegory ourselves, and accordingly decline The "Views." Also the accompanying poems.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

This is the time when we usually appeal to our readers, to get up clubs and for-ward their subscriptions for a new year. We have hitherto during the past year to make a good paper, our both interesting and instructive, and we have every reason to believe, if they think we have succeeded, will not only send on their own money for the new year, but will use exertion to obtain many subscribers and friends to extend our list.

The terms of the Post are as low as those of any other paper of the same size and quality. By buying the matter that has already appeared in a body, using inferior paper, and purchasing no original articles, we could make up an inferior sheet at a lower price; but it is the pride of the proprietors of the Post to publish an original weekly sheet, promise as good paper, with type that will not rub the eyes of their subscribers. That such newspaper are wanted, and that the country is supplied in part by a fair price for a good article, is fully proven by the success of those papers which have not thought it wise to sacrifice quality to a mere superficial cheapness. In conclusion we would again take the liberty of requesting our readers, that one of the first to send on back dates, and new subscriptions; and to get a good start in the new year, we ask our behalf. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.

COINCIDENCES.

To our correspondent who inquires whether the story published week before last, called "Cadet Jerome," is "really real," all we can reply is, that we took it at our word. "Fact's Stranger," is an English periodical of high standing. We see no reason why it should not be literally true.—"Truth is strange, stranger than fiction."

BANKING

In conversation the other day with an old merchant and bank director of this city, he proposed a plan to insure the solvency and judicious management of banks, which we think worthy of being laid before the community.

It may be well to state that the merchant in question is no enthusiastic theorist, but one of a number of that party which has been supposed to be more particularly the friends and upholders of the Banking System.

But before we call attention to the plan proposed, we will make a few remarks upon the abuses to which the present Banking System is liable, and of which every man who has ever been engaged in active life, has been a frequent spectator.

A number of merchants, or a set of men to transact capital, league together to make money by their wits. They select a certain bank very respectable in law, but lay a large number of shares, and soon are able to instal themselves as Directors. The object now is to realize large profits on their bank in order that they may make heavy dividends, knowing that in one or two such dividends will materially raise the price of their stock, and thus enable them to realize large sums—or means. A large makes money by its discounts—in proportion as it can increase its issue, will it realize profits. Now the interest to which a bank is entitled for goods upon three things, its capital, its circulation, and its deposits. The object of the speculators therefore is to increase the circulation and business of the bank. They offer to lose money to any salesman who will take it, especially to those who will distribute the notes of the bank in such a way that they will not be likely to come back again at an immediately upon it, but will remain in the channels of circulation—the notes their creditors will probably increase, and they can afford to lose a still larger amount, that profits may accrue, and dividends be begun to give vigor to the trade. Then the banks, "*to save their credit*," discontinue the redemption of calling in their notes—their loans are called in, a panic ensues, prices fall, and a general panic takes possession of the non-active community. And this is not the worst of it. If the man who had borrowed money was only required to pay what he had borrowed, and this be forced to contract, generally to return home, his business would be bad enough. But the evil works also in another way. The general calling of loans will cause the amount of the circulating medium, on which the bank-notes have constituted so large a part, and consequently become valuable. Then the man who has borrowed $100 when the currency was inflated, by being compelled to return it when the currency is contracted, really has to return considerably more than $100 which he borrowed. Often, no doubt, that difference may be estimated at from ten to twenty-five per cent.

Such as a brief picture of the consequences of an excessive inflation of the currency. We could have a more extended view of the subject, but our space, but we think it unnecessary. The community have suffered so much from the cause, that a more pointy well understood.

Considering the importance of a sound, well regulated, circulation to the welfare and prosperity of the country, and through that upon the happiness of every man, and child in the land, it must be evident that every care should be taken to guard against the evil consequences which must result from the misuse or we have alluded to. The encouragement of the banks of a State is a matter not only affecting the stockholders of those institutions, but affecting the whole community. The right to issue bank notes, is a privilege granted by the State, by a local right, but one derived from the State; and the banks should be bound to a guard and watch its exercise, so to prevent a blessing from degenerating into a curse. And the interest of stockholders should be made entirely subordinate to that of the great mass of the people, of whom they are a part.

Upon this principle, in our next and some other issues, the Individual Liability Clause has been enacted when renewing the charters of banks, or creating new ones. As this has become substantially somewhat a party question, we shall therefore it, further than to say that it provides more for the evil of bank failures than for bank inflations. The only check it exerts upon the banks is to keep them from converting so far that they cannot regain their firm footing,—but when they do increase, it will prompt them to do so in a safe and judicious manner. Perhaps, with a total disregard to the interests of the community, the banks will have their way, and the Individual Liability Clause will be repealed, but we think that a public sentiment will soon compel those conservatives and cautious, that it will call for the holders of a broken bank, notes should be received but, and be compelled to pay up to the amount of their stock, and thus enable the banks to redeem their notes—and circulation.

It is well that the holders of a broken bank's notes should be received but, and be compelled to pay up to the amount of their stock, and thus enable the banks to redeem their notes—and circulation.

The business of the country would then assume comparatively regular, instead of as at present irregular and fluctuating.

The plan proposed is as, and which we said in the beginning of this article we consider worthy of being laid before the community, is as follows. We would recommend, however, in advance, that we do not consider ourselves restricted to its adoption—but merely as at first thought as a very good one, and one which we should be pleased to see discussed. We would have to consider it more closely than we have yet done, before pronouncing decidedly of its favor.

It has been seen that the primary cause of bank expansion is the effort of the banks to make large dividends. Now there would be no temptation to do so, if stockholders were to receive no more than the laws referred, therefore proposes to submit to the public, that no more than six per cent. per annum among its stockholders. If it should receive the excess shall first go to the credit of a safety fund, to be invested by the bank for the security of those who hold its notes, and the proportion of which safety fund to the capital of the bank shall be regulated by law—and after the safety fund shall have reached its limit, then the bank over six per cent. shall be paid into the State Treasury.

This remedy appears at first sight too simple and utilitary to be effectual, but we think it bears examination tolerably well. It is true that the creation of such a safety fund as is proposed would make bank stock a very good desirable investment, but bank stocks then secured at six per cent. being fully secure, there would be a great deal of it at five per cent. And every one knows the desirable character at such investments, if their safety only could be made certain.

It is evident that the merit of the proposed plan would consist in its supposed effect to prevent banks from extending their business beyond proper limits, and thus leading to an expansion of the business of the whole country. Our readers must decide for themselves whether it is calculated to bring about such a result. We think it is done in simply placing the suggestion before them.

LOWELL'S POEMS.

It is a late number of the Literary World there is a criticism upon Lowell's two vol. volumes of poems which is as deficient in the elements of true and just criticism as any which it has been our lot to encounter for some years. The writer (we hope it is not the editor) is one who evidently has little sympathy with a mind like Mr. Lowell's, and is of course unable to appreciate what he cannot understand. We do not say this in a spirit of invidiousness, but as the conclusions of a simple fact; and we trust it will be so received.

We do not blame a person for not liking the poetry of Mr. Lowell, but every one ought to be very cute in the choice of a poem for his soul, and a wife for his bosom—but we do blame men when they presume to sit in judgment upon that which the very wording of their judgment proves they do not understand. For instance, the writer in question quotes the lines of Mr. Lowell as a dainty, pleasant writer. He says:

> Smiles and its vicinity is the region of culture, and of that mental attitude which results in polish. Lowell's verse is always smiling, and always cultivated, and a very decided taste and skill are displayed in the choice of words and the construction of the sentences. But the thought is generally commonplace and unimpressive.

We cannot but think, as we read, of Monsieur Waskerwe—who first collected fragments of gems, and then wrote a book to match them. In such cases we have a very tasteful and brilliant picture, the tints of which are beautiful, but from which the other half of the picture—the canvas—is left out. The writer has not attempted to criticise Mr. Lowell's poetry, but has simply quoted upon passages which for richness and commonplace would apply. And, as a vein of gold, that runs along the surface of the ground for a short distance, and then sinks deeper, and then reappears again to appear after we have trodden the common earth a little while, and then again to sink, and again to become visible—so does the rich vein of the truest poesy appear and disappear in the writings of Lowell.

But if the opening of the criticism in question is commonly absurd, the conclusion is not less exactly contradictory. So determined is the critic to find fault, that he first blames the poet for not doing a certain thing, and then in the space of a few lines, attempts to throw ridicule upon him for doing it. And the reader may see that we do not misrepresent, we will quote the two passages. Here is the first, which finds fault with Mr. Lowell's poetry because it is too abstract—not sufficiently individual.

> Indeed, in which Mr. Lowell may be fairly considered a representative, seems to us to describe the tendency of the whole school of writers of which he affects a range. The affections be they really feels, the thoughts he really thinks, are always and especially so in the poetic nature, which is disregarded by a man, and which is not a part of his sympathy. We are conservatives enough to believe in society as an "elevated mentiment," that the emotions of which people were not ashamed in the days of chivalry.

Now for the other passage, some lines below it:

> Another trait which, in our view, derogates from the value of Lowell's poetry, is the fact that it is so vaguely personal and egotistical. Of the egotism which appears in the mere use of the personal pronoun, and the expression of personal feelings, we do not complain. We would have the poet "not sacrifice the uncommon and absolute truth of his poetry by the sacrifice of a corpse," for calls his attention to the affections "as they really exist in the human heart." "The old, conventionalisms, such as the language of which people are ashamed in the days of chivalry, and which are now the language of the heart, we have no objection—not sufficiently individual.

Here is a writer who finds fault with Mr. Lowell because he is too individual, and then in the space of a few lines, attempts to throw ridicule upon him for doing it. The statement is false, and I am prepared to say it to be false by members of the Court."

In the quarter stands. There were remarks at Washington, of a hostile meeting having occurred between the two gentlemen, but we trust that both of them have too much good taste, (to say nothing of sense,) to permit themselves to be drawn into a tragedy. Gen. Kearney already has offered the *amende honorable* to Col. Fremont, and it would be a shame for the country and for Col. Benton, status as he asserts himself to be in the unanswerable conflict of eyes, to make a stand for apology to Gen. Kearney. Or, if he is not willing to apologize, he knows that he can go to Europe in the open field, the battle parties being provided with telescopes of equal power, instead of the old fashioned pistol—and that would be what they call *a fixed duress*" his antagonist.

PAREDES.

Lord Palmerston, on the part of the British Government, has informed Mr. Buchtel, our Minister to England, that the Directors of the Royal Mail Steampacket Company, have determined to suspend Captain Mag, (who commanded the packet which carried Paredes to England,) from the service he commanded. The Directors also state that they have "publicly and decisively condemn and set on the inexcusable conspiracy to be undertaken by a branch of their servants the Government of the United States, or as an infringement or invasion of the regulations established by the United States officers in these parts of Mexico which are occupied by the forces of the United States."

With all which decisive declaration and suggestions, Uncle Sam probably will have to be satisfied. We would respectfully call the attention of the reasonable persons, to an old phrase about "locking the stable door, after the horse is stolen."

WOMANHOOD.

Mr. Giles's lecture on Woman was worthy of the subject—full of noble and refined sentiments, which often budded into poetry. The audience which often budded into poetry. The audience was unusually large, and the lecturer was greeted with frequent applause. The lecture was delivered in a fine, manly voice, and with a grace of manner that showed the true gentleman. The lecture was worthy of the subject, and the lecturer of the audience. We hope to hear him again.

Mr. Giles alluded to touching terms to those three beautiful and noble associations of womanhood, Mother, Sister, and Wife; and Daughter, and Lover, &c. Thoroughly prejudice have blinded many eyes to the high character of the latter, but the pure, high-souled, pure and devoted Jane—prejudices that had their origin in the libels of those contemptible writers, who from their native soil, and who took the basest letter-type to write their base sentiments upon the fair face of heaven, but no prejudice, and even English pens have celebrated her heroic virtues. As to Charlotte Corday, we have always refused to believe that the reader of history was prevented by the black and bloody abyss of the French Revolution for a moment, to manfully avenging angel, and then sinking like a gleam of light into that infernal region, which found their element begins to grow more light, more pure, when one we say other than the darkness and the blackness of the night begins to disappear. Like that young deputy, who, gazing upon her face in the prison, felt that she was pure and lofty all some of more worldly prudence, to if he had met her in the ball-room, or in the street, he would have she could have learnt not into enthusiastic praises of her nobleness, and joyed to follow her to the scaffold and to death.

Mr. Giles is no great admirer of the "Age of Chivalry," by judge from certain passages in his lecture. He found fault with its knightly courtesy to the ladies, but we presumed with the reference to the more woman—the wife or daughter of the lord. He viewed with contempt even the "Queen of Love and Beauty," and the fact that the latter received a keeper in his wife and daughters—but they could have no wife but his. We were glad to hear this part of the lecture, for it is a view of the "Middle Ages" which is much too one-sided, as mistaken notions of the Age of Chivalry, propagated by wrote of fiction, much abused. And yet we think the "Age of Chivalry" was a very noble one, as compared with the ages preceding it, was really the "Age of Chivalry" of centuries ago. And we have no doubt that much of the courtesy to women of the present day is the result of good feet planted by knights and minstrels, at that period.

The following well written tribute to Mr. Giles for this lecture, appeared recently in the North American of this city. We understand it is the production of one of our accomplished friends, Mr. Walsh. It does him much credit:

> Then men of worth prove thing shall,
> Whose words come into knowledge—
> Who plays it upon the heart at will,
> Till were thy power possessed,
> Then duller cannot to love louder
> Than who stood to pride and honor thing.
> Reasons in surpass, half divine,
> And wakes the mighty under.
>
> Thanks for thy gentle generous theme.
> The unsung source of peerless good.
> For all we know of wife, or home,
> It binds with womankind.
> And ne'er hath such enlisted your's aside.
> Since time in Eden's bower was young,
> Nor learned, but with double of pride.
> When woman's praise was sung.
>
> Our chivalry has had its hour,
> And gone are Tourney, Squire, and Knight,
> Yet Woman still with regal power,
> Is queen of all delight.
>
> And still, when men with grief's oppress,
> When care sits heavy at the heart,
> Their sunshine, from her radiant breast,
> Bids all the gloom depart.
>
> Then honor to the gentle race,
> That cheers, with love, the rock-sheltering world,
> And religions, with healing grace,
> The wounded heart.
>
> Man may be cowed in withering shame,
> A wretched thing of craft and sneers,—
> Yet one bright glory aids his name,
> He was a woman born.

EYES AND NO EYES.

We remember, when we were a boy, reading a little dialogue intended to impress upon the youthful mind the necessity of looking about us in the world, at the organs of vision, entitled "Eyes and no eyes," or the art of seeing."

A late incident which occurred at the Fremont Court, almost reminded us of the dialogue in that little Action also read that dialogue in his youth; and now that he has arrived at mature manhood, he has not forgotten it. He says, that it was then the truth of another precept, which is often set in the copy books for children, "Just as the twig is bent, the tree inclines."

The conversation was as follows: Col. Benton, upon a certain occasion, having detected, or thought he detected, Gen. Kearney in an effort to "play off" upon him, or to "circumvent" him, and, if he were "should attempt it again," in his own simple but unique phrase, "*to look out for his eyes.*" Not many days elapsed before the veteran Colonel thought he detected Gen. Kearney in a repetition of the identical trick, and not contenting himself with merely saying, as it appears, exactly what his adversary was at, contributed to the court (meaning doubtless the presiding Judge) the lesson of his early days," that Sam-son was making mortar at him." "Oh! But Gen. Kearney unwillingly listened to the lesson, and requested very politely to state what he meant by making mortar at Gen. Kearney. Whereupon he delivered himself in the following "vast, vol, vivi," manner:

When Gen. Kearney last left his post on Col. Fremont, I determined, if he should attempt again to play off upon me a trick, I would look at him. At this day: and the look of treachery was the counterpart of the look on Col. Fremont's before. I did try look at Gen. Kearney when he looked at Col. Fremont, and *I looked him full in the eye*. I knew *for his eyes*." Gen. Kearney, in his turn, appealed to the Court, I declined any intention to disturb its order, by referring us I do the judgment for this Court."

Things had thus come to a fearful crisis, the excitement was tremendous. The Court was disposed. Had Col. Benton drawn a pistol, and shot Gen. Kearney on the spot, no one would have known what to do—but what should could they interpose with the decision of the Court before the Colonel's eyes? They knew not what to do—until one of the members fortunately reminded him of an "eleventh mentiment," that the dinner hour had arrived. This relieved them from a dilemma—something happened—the Court rose, or parliamentary matters, *will* is always said to appears."

This was on a Saturday—on Monday Gen. Kearney sent in the following note:

> In pursuing in advance the remotest intention of offering the least kind of disrespect to the Court or to Col. Benton, I have failed to notice the Court at the closing remark of the senior counsel for the defence, Thomas H. Benton, of which I have made a record, and as follows: "I looked him down; I looked him till his eyes fell—till he cast them down." That statement is false, and I am prepared to say it to be false by members of the Court."

Then the following note:

> Having had time to calm my mind, and to reflect that the circumstances were personal enough against Col. Lowell—as not only to affect my character as a gentleman, but my character as an officer, I have not called to be—until one of the members fortunately reminded me of "eleventh mentiment," that the dinner hour had arrived. This relieved them from a dilemma—something happened—the Court rose, or parliamentary matters, *will* is always said to appears."

Then

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Local Intelligence.

THE SATURDAY COURIER.

The Court of Common Pleas, to whom the question of the Saturday Courier was submitted, have unanimously decided that Mr. McMakin, Judge King, the presiding Judge, is even disposed to go further than Judge Brewster, and to hold the ground that, without incumbering the question with the conflicting opinions of Justice in regard to *good-will*—the subscription list of a newspaper is property, possessing all the attributes of property, and is subject to sale, as object of purchase and sale, negotiation and traffic, and that the captious in the administration of a business partner, subject to partnership claims, in the same manner as any other article of merchandize.

Thus, our readers will remember, is the same ground taken by us at the first moment of this ago—and the opinion of so eminent a lawyer as Judge King has completely confirmed our own views.

Judge Peterson also delivered an opinion notable for much ability, in which he arrives at the same final conclusions as Judge King, though he takes somewhat different ground in light of a more point.

The unanimous decision of the Court is, that the Receiver shall sell the subscription list of "The Saturday Courier," with the type, presses, and other property; the proceeds of which are to be divided equally between the parties. That Mr. McMakin holds a like proportionate of the partnership property since the death of Mr. Mellish, shall be accounted for on behalf of the parties of the concern since that time, but that he shall be allowed a reasonable compensation for his care and trouble in carrying on the business since Mr. Holden's death.

The above decision, fully sustaining the rights of Mrs. Holden and her children, has created the liveliest satisfaction in this community. It is probable that Mr. McMakin will appeal to the Supreme Court, but there can be no doubt as to the decision of a body—for "what can't go further, can't be sure worse." There is a little justice left yet, in the Courts of Law and Equity, Philadelphia.

A STRANGE PET.

It is stated that a woman in this city is suckling the cub of the bear which was killed in the fight created in Wuring's menagerie, the size of which is a lion. The step-mother is fond of her foster-child, kept, keeps her charge in a lemon drawer; and in the morning when her husband gets out of bed, he takes the little fellow's place and keeps it to the bed with it.

BEARS OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 175—adults 61 and children 67.

General News.

FROM MEXICO.

The News from Vera Cruz is to the 24th ult.

Lieut. McDonough, of the Marines, and several other officers and a small party, having left Puebla for Jalapa on the 19th ult., it is supposed to be a safe sum of money, they were attacked in the night by a band of robbers, thirteen in number, and although they were not unarmed and had arms with them, they succeeded in defeating the ladrones, and recovered all of the money but a few dollars.

The rumor that the Mexican Congress has been dissolved by the dispersion of its members, is confirmed. The new Congress was to assemble in January.

A rumor is current at the Capital, that the commissioners from the Mexican Government arrived at Queretaro, after having an interview with Mr. Trist, it is supposed for the purpose of having a conference with the Supreme Government upon the subject of peace. This, however, is but a rumor.

The news of the troubles now at the Capital, are about to leave for other parts of the Republic every portion of which is in a state of revolt.

American forces, until those who have the ambition try to set under the monkey temptation to see the Capital—and other terms of peace.

A MILD WINTER.

The Boston Herald says: "It is said by old people that, when the first snow of any consider- ble depth melts immediately off, the winter will be mild and open. The venerable Dr. Belknap, of Salem, who kept a meteorological journal for many years, was of that opinion. According to his experience, the speedy disappearance of the first snow was a sign that seldom failed of a pleasant winter. We shall now have an opportunity to test the correctness of the Doctor's predictions. Our first snow this season, the speedy disappearance of which, during the last week, has given us a sight of bare ground, and has enabled us to proceed with the business of the day without the aid of sleighs and sleds."

MISSIONARIES AND BIBLES.

The whole present number of ordained missionaries in the world is estimated at about 1,000, and of male and female assistant missionaries, at about 2,000, making a total of 3,000. The Bible has been printed in the various languages and dialects of the globe to the number of 4,000,000, and still but thirty of these translations are new, and were made chiefly in the course of the last century, since the institution of the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1804. The number of copies of the Bible and Testament which have been issued by the Bible Societies, is about thirty millions.

The British Bible Society are now printing at their establishment in Nassau street, New York, about 70,000 copies of Bibles and Testaments monthly—equal to 840,000 annually—and yet not able to supply even the constantly increasing demand. People ought to be getting a great deal better.

ANOTHER SINGING MOUSE.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph has furnished the following account of a singing mouse, now in possession of Mr. Pierce, Postmaster at Sylvania, Pa.: "Last night, the cats and we have had deep enough for sleighing hunt; but a days both were surrounded by mild weather. The mouse was so much taken, taking the strange circumstance, as it usually is in October. Frogger Nine Yankee Notions, Rebels and Beauty Yankee Doodles, Comic Annuals, are as known in this vicinity. Until now I have no use for a cat."

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.

A paragraph has been going the rounds of the papers stating the fact, in itself sad to be credible, that a woman in Macon county, Ky., recently gave birth to four girls and two boys at one time. An exchange, desiring perhaps to economize space, read the digits, and wrote 4 girls and 2 boys. Unfortunately, when his paper appeared, it read "2 girls and 4 boys." The public could not stand that. Sixteen children at a birth—it was too much for the greatest lover of marvels to swallow. The unfortunate editor had to explain. He announces that his devil altered the types after the proof was read.

FROM SANTA FE.

Dates from Santa Fe have been received, nineteen days later than previous ones. The Legislature had assembled, and Augney had been elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Antonio Sandoval, President of the Senate of New Mexico. Governor Vigil had gone to his message, but its contents are of little interest. A law had been passed, authorizing the election of delegates to take into consideration the annexation of New Mexico to the United States.

General Price had arrived at Santa Fe on the 12th of December, and committed Vigil, the Civil Governor of the territory. Sixty-eight deaths had occurred in the first battalion since it left home.

MEXICAN FASHIONS.

The following is from the "American Star," a paper just established in the city of Mexico—A'l many of the native ladies are becoming so much reconciled to our forms for shawl and bonnet in place of the rebozo, we will tell them that however well it may look in the streets, it is in bad taste to appear so in the theatre or parties. On a recent occasion we noticed two in pink bonnets, the "observed of all observers." If the desire was to copy the Yankee women, the figure was missed, for a Yankee girl would no more think of going to the theatre unmasked, than she would to a ball, and we trust that during the month of December it will be understood everywhere.

THE BLUE RIDGE.

The Gallipolis Journal gives an account of the destruction of property on the Blue Ridge. It occurred about one o'clock, when about three miles below Point Pleasant—the last by the wheel but a few minutes before on their trip to Cincinnati. A gentleman who was at Gallipolis, at the time of the disaster, says the suffering of those who escaped was intense. The passengers were scattered along the shore for more than a mile—several women in their night clothes, which were frozen to their persons—without any means of changing their clothes. One man return ashore with his three children at once.

A KENTUCKY MOTHER.

The Maysville Eagle gives the following account of a lady in that city, who is enjoying a "green old age:" "She is a widow, and has been for the last twenty-four years, and two months. The husband of this lady died in Baltimore, leaving behind him a small quantity of cold water. If homeopathy is the true system, the suffering of those who received the benefit of Prof. Y. is probably a specimen of it in its most extreme form. This case will be a bone for hydropathists to pick upon. It belongs to one or the other. No wonder the lover was disgusted, after such a dose."

FAINT HEARTED.

Mrs. Bardy, an English vocalist, who recently visited this city, has left a town of making her debut at the Royal Academy in that city, has returned to England, evidently much disgusted with the idea that she says that an "uncommonable tower" took possession of her and accused of the imperfection of the French pronunciation. The actor and actresses laughed at her, and the people made parodies! She, therefore, broke her engagement at once, and will be compelled to pay a large sum, $6,000, or damages.

POTATOES.

The Maine Farmer says, potatoes that have been frozen mind, if put into boiling water, will be found, when cooked, perfectly good. We formed this fact in the lumber forests of Maine, where potatoes were kept for many months after they had been frozen, and were found to be very good. Most of the lumber men in those regions, as they have no accommodations for cellars, keep their potatoes in a lemon drawer; and in the morning when her husband gets out of bed, he takes the little fellow's place and keeps it to the bed with it.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

Three large steamers, says the **New York Herald**, are now building in this city for the Brazil steam packet service, have been fitted out at Boston, Salem, and Portland, for the same purpose. Two are already arrived on the West coast of Africa, where the embarked nine hundred slaves, and escaped from the long-armed Yankee Jack, by steaming away further during a calm.

A NEW CANNON.

The Boston Courier says that a new cannon which has been invented by Mr. E. S. White, of Lowell, has been tested at Watertown arsenal with satisfactory results. It has six bores and six rifled holes, so that it can be fired that number at times and without any loss of time. It is said to be not heavier, recoilless, while the ingred is six times.

MARRIAGES.

During the last year, there were 1,700 marriages in Massachusetts. Of this number, says the Boston Chronotype, 3,000 took place between bachelors and spinsters; 154 between bachelors and widows; 164 between widowers and maids; 186 between widowers and widows; and of 494 the condition of the parties is not stated.

OHIO CONVENTION.

The Democratic State Convention of Ohio by a vote of 227 to 32, nominated Gen. Lewis Cass of Michigan, as a candidate for President of the United States.

QUEER ITEM.—The editor of the *Zebu* lately saw Dan Marble, and says of him—"He exercises the same authority over his wife that a child does over a pet of rich, curly, translucent anecdotes."

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 11th, numerous memorials and petitions presented, were stayed eight by Mr. Hall, from Vermont, praying the suspension of hostilities and withdrawal of our troops and the immediate termination of the war. Mr. Dix presented one to the same effect from the citizens of Rochester, New York.

Mr. Sevier, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported the joint resolution to ascertain the amount due to certain Texas Rangers, with an amendment, the object of which was to prevent the payment of the claims to any but the rangers themselves, or their legal representatives.

Mr. Dickinson's resolutions were then taken up, and he addressed the Senate at length in support of them and advocating the annexation of all Mexico. He took the ground that in regard to the question of how to check the tendency of the age to an extension of territory, the only effectual remedy was to provide only for the expenses of the war or pursuing the object for which it was undertaken, and to limit the war to the conquest of the territory necessary to indemnify the country for the expenses of the war, and to secure a permanent peace. He would never grant to any nation the right to dictate the constitution of the country, then to say to which it should belong. He would not have the war carried on for the purpose of forcing upon us the blessings of other systems of government.

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On the 11th, Mr. Butler, of S. C., addressed the Senate in favor of the bill for the relief of Gallatin. He said that he might, with propriety, enter into the merits of the claim generally, but as a Senator of the United States, as most probably the last he intended that Senate, as a matter of policy, might be prepared to pass the bill, he would not intrude upon her in this point. He would not intrude the sickly hour of Mexico, nor the healthy voice of our republic. He would only then by endeavoring to give a fair point of view to the claim, he concluded with urging the reconsideration of the bill for the purpose of being amended.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

There has been great excitement in the House since the public perusal of the message of the President to communicate the instructions given to Mr. Trist by the Secretary of State, and the correspondence between them and all information relative to the recent visit of Mr. Trist to Mexico.

The President referred, in his answer, to the call of the House for the reports of the Secretary of War and Navy, and to the annual message, for all the information he could communicate relative to the return of Santa Anna and Paredes. Instructions were given to Mr. Trist, and he was sent to Mexico without any expectation that any negotiations of Paredes was effected by evading the vigilance of the American fleet off Vera Cruz.

The resolution was imperative as to the call for communication to Mr. Slidell's mission to Mexico. Time, he concluded that a compliance would be before copies could be obtained. He could not admit the right of the House to make unsolicited calls. It would establish a dangerous precedent. He referred to a call upon President Washington in 1796, for the correspondence relating to the treaty with Great Britain, who declined to furnish the papers. To confuse the power refused the case is more stronger as the negotiations are not completed, and the communication to Mr. Slidell related to a war that commenced, and to conditions which might be changed by the progress of events. He hoped the House would not be precipitate in its action, but calmly contemplate all that could with propriety be disclosed.

Mr. Truman Smith moved that the Message be referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, and to print. A protracted and exciting debate ensued.

Mr. J. Q. Adams said, that the call upon Washington was not unanimous, but made exceptions in reference to papers and communications which might be injurious to the public interest. The House and even they decided that Washington was wrong, and that therefore was sustained by the unanimous voice of the Democracy of the country. He was in favor of the engagement of the Select Committee, to examine the Constitution and see what power the House had over the papers. He was in favor of the motion to refer to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

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The discussion on the original resolution was resumed, and Washington was called upon to produce the correspondence which "was a case for peace, and the other one of war. The President refused to produce it for the public good, and the will of the House. He was in favor of referring the subject to the Committee of Ways and Means.

Various other speeches were made, and then the resolution was referred to the Committee.

Mr. Thurman, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill for the completion of the Cumberland road between Ohio and Illinois, and Missouri, which was read twice and referred.

Mr. Chase, of Tennessee, presented a resolution declaring it unexpedient to withdraw the troops from the positions they now occupy in Mexico, for the purpose of defeating the war's ends and objects. On motion of Mr. Stephens it was laid upon the table by a vote of 99 to 80.

Mr. Goggin presented a resolution calling upon the President for the correspondence relative to the imposition of duties upon American tobacco entering the ports of Germany, &c.

Mr. Brinkerhoff presented a resolution calling upon the President for the correspondence relative to the appointment of Santa Anna to the command of the army, and whether any disposition has been made of any of the proceeds of the contributions or supplies made by Mexican authorities, or the Mexican people, for the payment of the army, and whether any disposition has been made of the funds, or any of them, for the payment of the expenses of the army of occupation.

Mr. Dickinson offered a resolution of inquiry as to the propriety of amending the Constitution, the duty of the Collectors, with Mr. Stephens, to the people. This lies over.

Mr. Thomas offered a series of resolutions, calling on the President to state the specific object for which the war with Mexico was undertaken, and the means for accomplishing the same. Lies over.

Clippings.

☞ It is said that after an umbrella has been borrowed four times, it is entitled to the same rights as the public at large. Into whatever hands it may fall, it is there for the time.

☞ The proprietors of the London Times never paper have purchased a remarkably neat and handsome establishment for the manufacture of their paper between the French and English coasts.

☞ *John Jacob Astor* is said to be dangerously ill at his residence in this city.

☞ Mr. Forrest, of the Pennsylvania Legislature, has introduced a bill to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors to minors without the consent of their parents, concerning personal property, drunkenness, &c.

☞ The Foreman Court Martial, on the application of Colonel Fremont, to give him leave to withdraw his defence, have adjourned till Monday the 24th of January.

☞ Mr. Charles Frederick Kellenseott Von Poniatowski Le Poggett De La Fressaye De La Motteux, the eldest son of the late Count Poniatowski, has been appointed Secretary of the Legislature of Alabama for permanent to change his name, or rather his names, to Forrest Fairchild.

☞ An exchange tells a story of a farmer, who, having sold a large crop of wheat at 75 cents a bushel to a shrewd miller, who had seen the information would set it up to $1 per bushel, exclaimed on learning his mistake: "Well, I never was so struck with a lightning before."

☞ *"I like neatness above all things,"* as the farmer said, when he white-washed and carpeted his pig pen.

☞ Very few women make embodiment wives, but many men make excellent husbands. Men are not shock, by the indifference or thoughtlessness of their husbands. It is our candid opinion that a woman who is married to a man who is not a husband should be entitled to a divorce, and to the custody of the man in the aggrieved.

☞ The St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Caledonian, doubts whether within the memory of man there has been more sickness than there is now in that section of the northern States.

The present has been so far.

☞ Mr. Clay, who has been dancing at St. Cloud, lately received a gold bracelet, studded with diamonds, from the Queen.

☞ There has been a novel application of chaff culture at Cambridge. A man in a pig began to back furiously, and on length threw the animal out in a rage. A clergyman passed some chickenstone on the commissions submitted by Mr. Baldwin, calling for the correspondence between Mr. Trist and the Mexican commanders, were adopted.

The Tax Regiment Bill was then taken up, and Mr. Pearce addressed the Senate, intimating that in consequence of the character of the remarks of his colleague, (Mr. Kennedy Johnson) in some of which he concurred, while from others he widely differed, he should vote for it. He was in favor of the substitute editor had to explain. He encounters that his devil altered the types after the proof was read.

☞ There is no error however palpable, if it once gets into the papers, but what will breed the seeds for months subsellingest. A very intelligent New York print, very gravely states the expenses of the Fremont Court-martial to be *sixty millions of dollars.*

☞ "Love, sir" exclaimed Miss Fish, "that may be so, but do you know what was said about Miss Langdon? Do you know that people do say, that after her husband died, she used to make *pudding logs out of her old shoes!"*

STATE UPON MR. SUTTON.

How Lamb one, God rest his soul,
Whose grave is not to be found.

☞ There was a great run on the Canal Bank at New Orleans, a few days ago, in consequence of an unfounded report. The circulation of the Bank at the time, was less than $900,000, while the specie in its vaults amounted to $2,000,000.

☞ The Roman Catholic population of Cincinnati is estimated in Cist's Advertiser at 41,000—one fourth of the whole.

☞ A letter was received by Benjamin Wade, of Cleveland, a few days since, from one of his sons in Mexico, who belongs to the 9th regiment, which states that when they left Newport, Rhode Island, a numbered 900 strong, but that it had been reduced to 560.

☞ The Statute Law of New England has made positive covering a feasible silence, to the enemies of one making for the law, two challenge for the second class, and five challenge for gentlemen.

☞ The Cincinnati Atlas says:—"A resolution recommending General Taylor for the Presidency has passed both branches of the Kentucky Legislature."

Life in New York.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK. NO. X.

New York, Saturday Morning, Jan. 15, 1848.

I witnessed a little incident at the Astor House, a few days ago, which forcibly illustrated, in my mind, the vicissitudes of human life. A gentleman whom I knew to be eminently wealthy, was seated in the public parlors of the hotel, when he was accosted by a poorly clad but genteel looking man, who told him that he was in the last stage of strength of an old acquaintanceship. My friend pretended to recollect the person, and inquired when the latter burst into tears, and after composing himself, actually embraced his benefactor and said: "Sir, my family are starving." The rich gentleman then asked the little incident, and after a few questions, handed him a $5 note. The poor man then left the room, and my friend supposed that he had gone to the bar to get change, but he did not return. He could not leave the room, and he finally sent a waiter to look for the poor man, who returned with the information that he had left the house. The rich man then discovered that the note he had given was a counterfeit.

Speaking of incidents reminds me of another, which is somewhat more interesting than the one just recorded. A young lady connected in some way with the original *Mr. copy of his Key* engaged a room at the Astor House for the purpose of receiving a gentleman friend, who was expected to arrive from the country. She was to be married in the parlors of the hotel, and had invited a number of her friends to be present. Not only is she in client manner, without employment, and without friends, but she has the gentleman's money, and has no further upon him for support. Who can tell what shall be on the morrow, particularly when one is in the service of the unimaginable heroism for a mistaken calling sake?

A Beautiful Poem.

THE MORNING GLORY.

[The following poem is from Leland's new volume soon to be published by Carleton. Doubtless it is the production of his wife, Marie Lovell; a most gifted and lovely woman.]

We were puzzled about our darling's head the morning
Glory bright;
Her little face looked out beneath, as full of life and light,
As it is with a rosebud, that we could envy not.
She is the morning-glory sun, and her pure eyes and
they
So always from that happy time we called her by
their name,
And very fitting did it seem, for were an incentive
cause,
Behind her cradle-bars she nestled to catch the first
faint ray,
As from the twilight realms the flower and opens to the
day.

But not so beautiful they were their fairy rays of
light,
As turned her sweet eyes to the light brimmed with
sleepy tender glow;
And not so clear their smiles for round their rosy
parts are dimples,
As those dear arms whose commissioned plan clasped
all their wish could.

We used to think how she had come, even as comes
the flower,
The last and perfect added gift to crown love's marriage
long hour,
And how by her was imaged forth the love we could
not say,
As we the little dew-drops round shown back the heart
of day.

We never could have dreamed, that she would ever
wither up,
Almost before a day was form, like the morning-
glory's cup;
We never thought to see her droop her rain and sudden
head,
Till like a cremated ember our eyes, wilted, and
cold, and dead.

The morning-glory's blossoming will come in certain
May;
We case their roots of last-changed leaves appropriating
from the ground,
The tender things the winter killed renew again their
birth,
But the glory of our morning has passed away from
earth.

Oh Earth, in vain our aching eyes stretch over thy
green pains!
Too much thy skies, too grim thine air, her spirit to
sustain,—
But in the garden of Paradise full surely we shall
see
Our morning-glory beautiful twine round our dear
Lord's knee.

Selected Articles.

HOW A HUSBAND SAVED HIS WIFE FROM THE TOILS OF A VILLAIN.

The European correspondent of the Boston Atlas is our authority for the truth of the following suggestive story:

Mr. B., a grave and accomplished man, has a lovely wife, who, notwithstanding, could never give him any serious occasion for uneasiness. This husband, confident in literary pre-occupation, had not made such a chance, had, at the commencement of the season, permitted his wife to depart for Normandy, in the company, for the hour of the day he gave me the name was to pass the entire summer—while he was to be absent in Germany, attending to some business of the greatest importance.

Mr. B. had scarcely left and hidden each other adieu. Mr. B. was making his preparations for his departure, and entered the private chamber of his wife to bid there some short words by the way of counsel. This was placed on a small ouvrenoir secretary. By a fatal piece of carelessness in leaving this piece of furniture, Mr. B. overlooked it. The fragile secretary broke as it fell; and, in picking up the fragments, the unhappy husband with astonishment several letters, which had escaped from a secret drawer that had been so completely broken. He could that accident alone could have betrayed it.

These letters were written to Mad. B. in a vulgar female style, by an interesting and rich young man, dangerous in every respect. They were filled with recognitions; he saw that the ruin of his conjugal happiness was in progress, but was not yet completed. The evil could yet be irreparable. The only peril was in the place of her abode. But where could he do? Live by his presence? He would be to lose a large fortune. To take his wife both him was difficult, and then the pain to see her ashamed until his return. What was necessary was to keep him in check, and compel him to destroy himself by his own influence. But how, at a distance, could he overcome an adversary fortified in his position, and who had the important resource to maintain that the husband being old, and in poor health, could not long survive his wife. Such a writhe, and that then he should be lost too happy to marry her. He could not do so, and the husband in himself, but then she thinks he would. I am not old, my health is very good, I shall not die at present; I feel the most personal love for the country. While he was thus wavering in irresolution what he had apprehended happened. He compelled him to hasten his departure. Hardly had he crossed the Rhine, when a letter informed him that his wife's absence had gone to pass the summer in the same chateau where she was making a visit. I have only to hurry, he thought—I must endeavor to return in a month—I hope by that time an understanding will have been entered. But at the end of a week the business which made his journey necessary, took such a turn, that Mr. B. was obliged to repair to Russia, to go from there to the east. The least delay would ruin everything. Peremptory, on the other hand, time and activity, would answer to the traveller the most magnificent results. It was, at least, a six months' journey. It was an uncertain future, but the danger was alarming. The redoubtable man calculated, had that time of his arrival in St. Petersburg might be a fatal moment in his hopes in Normandy. For a moment he thought of giving up everything, betraying the interests confided to him, renouncing his fortune, and returning to Paris, to watch over the deepest possession. But reflection suggested another idea, that might combine all, and the oddity of which was most pleasing to his sense of humor. The business upon which he was travelling required the greatest secrecy. It was necessary that his presence should not be suspected in those places which he was to traverse. Mr. B. had resolved to maintain his incognito. The interests which he left behind him in France required it yet more. Mr. B. got out in the papers that he was dead. A German newspaper announced the melancholy tidings in all its details. Mr. B. was drowned in the Rhine, and his body had never been found. A telegraphic dispatch announced the fact to Paris; the papers repeat the piece of news, and the magistrate's carefulness penetrated no doubt of it. Madame hastened herself. The husband was dead, and, with the account of his own death, a will, which left her all his fortune, and left her in entire possession thereof, even with the most rigid economy. It was, at once, all her interest. The widow's weeds were ordered with an excellent heart, felt a serious grief at the loss of her husband. During all of the time of her widowhood, therefore, there was no opportunity to address her with a single word of gallantry. Propriety and reason alike opposed it. The husband's expectation had, therefore, this advantage—it protected it once more pacify, and it also changed the position of the adversary.

It was no longer a breach of faith to her husband that he now had to combat. He was dead, buried, and his former possessor, placed him in the attitude of an applicant for her hand in marriage—a suitor, to be her future husband; and the widow was too prudent to rush her fortune to the chances of a second love-arrest the legal law. The adventurer found himself, in turn, on the edge of a precipice. Mentioned in the seemingly peremptory manner, taken in a moment of chance, obliged to take a serious path, the end of which he could not see, and which, perhaps, would lie did not dare to hate, he saw that retreat was impossible. He threw every charge, at whatever expense, the widow, who had begun to be consoled for her loss, saw through the accumulation of all the tender affections, which were so promising in theory, but which proved so hard in practice. She was forced to acknowledge to herself not only enough to esteem her lover, but not enough to marry her. She was herself deserted, bitter, and gloomy. Some days of interest, it was with incomparable joy that, last month, she received a letter contradicting the sad news of her husband's death; and where, some days after, her husband arrived at the chateau.

Wonderful Cotton.—A teaspoonful of oil to a tablespoonful of molasses, a teaspoonful of the pulverized ginger whenever the cough is troublesome, will afford relief at once it is used, and in a few days effect a cure. The same remedy it is also affirmed relieves the croup, however violent the attack.

PORTRAIT OF GEN. TAYLOR.

The following pointed and graphic "pen and ink sketch" of General Taylor, is from the able pen of the Southern Mr. Whittemore, senior editor of the Boston Courier, who, by-the-by, at any time, is entitled to put before Baron Stump, on the first bend of the river. We have passed during the day a number of most picturesque scenes, but we must needs a few minutes to refer to prominent, though not the most picturesque, objects. Our steamer, on which, by-the-by, we have taken passage, consists of a little, plain, unpretending craft, about 150 feet long, with a brief three-inches cabin, and a small deck. Of the latter, the forward part, for the distance of some 40 feet, is occupied by a small number of cattle, and, indeed, a very grave lot they are, too, for they are the property of Gen. Taylor, and are destined for his plantation. Behind the cattle, on the same deck, are a few bales of cotton, and a small number of boxes, containing, probably, the household goods, &c., of the General. Behind this, and in the centre of the boat, is a small deck-house, containing, perhaps, a dozen berths, and the usual table and chairs. Behind this, and on the same deck, is the pilot-house, and the whole is surmounted by a small smoke-stack. The machinery occupies an inconsiderable space, and is of the most simple description. The boat is propelled by a single engine, of about 100 horse power, which is fed with wood, and which consumes about two cords per hour. The boat is commanded by Capt. Taylor, a son of the General, and a very gentlemanly and obliging young man he is. The pilot, Mr. Bissell, is also a son of the General, and is a most excellent one. He has been on the river for many years, and knows every inch of the Mississippi from New Orleans to the mouth of the Ohio. He is also a very clever man, and, as we have already had occasion to say, is a son of the General.

Our steamer left the wharf at New Orleans at 5 o'clock, P. M., on Saturday, the 11th inst., and, after a delightful run of about 24 hours, we arrived at the mouth of the Red River, which is the boundary between Louisiana and Texas. Here we found a small steamer, which had been sent down from Natchitoches, to receive the General and his family, and to convey them to their home. We were transferred to the new boat, and, after a few minutes' detention, we started up the Red River. The banks of this river are low, and, for the most part, covered with a dense growth of timber, principally cypress. The water is of a dark color, and is very muddy. The current is very rapid, and, in many places, the trees have been so undermined by the water that they have fallen into the river, and lie with their tops pointing down the stream. In the centre of the river, Mr. Bissell, who is a thorough pilot, has found a large bar, by the side of which, however, we have to pass very closely. Here, too, we have to pass a rapid current. That ought to be called Green Island, which is covered with a dense growth of timber. The water was low in the bed of the river, and we frequently touched the bottom. Mr. Bissell, however, is a thorough pilot, and he knows every inch of the river. We have passed during the day a number of most picturesque scenes, but we must needs a few minutes to refer to prominent, though not the most picturesque, objects. Our steamer, on which, by-the-by, we have taken passage, consists of a little, plain, unpretending craft, about 150 feet long, with a brief three-inches cabin, and a small deck. Of the latter, the forward part, for the distance of some 40 feet, is occupied by a small number of cattle, and, indeed, a very grave lot they are, too, for they are the property of Gen. Taylor, and are destined for his plantation. Behind the cattle, on the same deck, are a few bales of cotton, and a small number of boxes, containing, probably, the household goods, &c., of the General. Behind this, and in the centre of the boat, is a small deck-house, containing, perhaps, a dozen berths, and the usual table and chairs. Behind this, and on the same deck, is the pilot-house, and the whole is surmounted by a small smoke-stack. The machinery occupies an inconsiderable space, and is of the most simple description. The boat is propelled by a single engine, of about 100 horse power, which is fed with wood, and which consumes about two cords per hour. The boat is commanded by Capt. Taylor, a son of the General, and a very gentlemanly and obliging young man he is. The pilot, Mr. Bissell, is also a son of the General, and is a most excellent one. He has been on the river for many years, and knows every inch of the Mississippi from New Orleans to the mouth of the Ohio. He is also a very clever man, and, as we have already had occasion to say, is a son of the General.

SLEIGHING SONG.

A la—"Some Love to Roam."

How swift we go
Through the sparkling snow.
In the moonbeam's silver gleam,
And our glad song swells,
While the jingling bells
Keep time with our pulses' quick pleasure!
And the hollow glen
Sends back again
Our laugh and glad holler:
Our laugh and glad holler.

The cold night air
But these eyes so bright,
A glow on the cheek
And these lips the more
For the cold to kiss,
With the smile of pleasure spread:
Then onward speed,
While the meeting sword
Neaken the impatient horse,
Will join in the fight
Of the silver sleigh bells,
And love and delight shall reign.

A SHEEP SLAYER.

Extraordinary losses have recently been suffered by the farmers in the district north-of Preston, England. A remarkable sheep-killing propensity possessed one of a large and fierce dog, which roamed over the country at night, slaughtering sheep in every direction, and escaping by some unaccountable means the numerous snares which were set to capture him, dead or alive. Night after night the night did the mysterious brute pursue his course, and the number of victims to his fangs and gore, defying any attempt to check the murderer he was thought. No farmer's flock, in the wide district he selected as the scene of his exploits, was safe from his attack—while he occasionally placed an guard a distance between the various parts of his incursions, as to raise a doubt whether one dog, or more, were the perpetrators. Large rewards were placed on large on account of reached. One morning the owner of a fine flock would ascertain that during the night a number of his sheep were lying killed on his field, and himself some thirty or forty pounds poorer—and the next, a dozen or many more. Distant as to warrant his lawying himself out of pocket to the extent of a sovereign, he turned in his mention from the totally unexpected visit of his ruthless destroyer. To such a height had the ravages of the latter attained, that on entire month, that the "country side" literally "came in arms" against him. Nearly a hundred sheep had been the throats of, and though men saw and heard them at a distance, no one could allow a single person to come within gun-shot range of him. He was understood to be dark colored, of unusual size, and fierce as a tiger—but was, as yet, the whole were entertained as to whether it really was a dog at all, many being inclined to the opinion, from the description given of it, that it might be some species of large and terrifying kangaroo.

Curious it is, that its appearance, in a country so thinly populated, and so quiet and retired, and where the destruction of sheep is such a matter of every-day occurrence, should excite a degree of curiosity greater than would attend the visit of a lion or tiger, or any other animal of a more ferocious character. The whole country was in a state of excitement, and every one was on the look-out for the mysterious dog. Numbers of sportsmen, armed with guns, and accompanied by dogs, were out every day in search of the animal, and, in fact, "Why, find, out the animal" was the theme of every one's conversation. Numbers of persons, who had never before been out with a gun, were to be seen in the fields, and the result was a daily crop of common terrier cur's pieces of poor lurcher, whose masters, had it a cast of only 10s. 6d. per acre."

COMPOST MASURE.

Compost manure is generally the most valuable for almost every variety of crops; for as it is composed of a great variety of substances, whatever it affords the proper food to almost every kind of plants. Having wheat, however, manure one realizes two materials for compost. In the way, tanner may be employed to advantage in many ways.

For light soils, wood or peat may be used as one of the principal materials. If the manure is to be applied to wet land, lime will be a valuable ingredient. These materials may be used in the following way: Add to the heap of manure a quantity of vegetable mould, and if it be very light, the lighter the better, or in the stalls to absorb the liquid manure.—*Boston Cultivator.*

AN INDIAN SPEECH.

The following is the address of Oshkosh, the Menomonee Chief, to the agent, at the last payment of the Indian annuity:

"My friend and father, all that you see of us are here. Now we trust to receive. Give us money immediately.

"Father, open your ears that you may hear, and when I speak, take down in words all I have to say. Eh, eh, eh. And when I speak, listen well to my, fathers—if you don't it's no use for me to speak. I want you to understand me, and I will talk straight with one tongue. Nature has given him only one—but you speak with two—and pretty long ones at that.

"Father, I am an Indian, and I know not my a, b, c, and I can't read a word in a book. Father, when you came next year, don't bring Indians from the east to live with us, for they are miserable, so, unless you bring it all—Eh, eh, eh."—*Green Bay Advocate.*

DOGS.

The Austrian dog never barks; it is remarked by Mr. Gerbino, in a work entitled "The Morals of Nature," that "it only howls." The cur never barks; they simply whine, howl, and growl; this explains why a mongrel is only found among the whites, are domesticated." Several spoils of the shepherds' dogs in the wilds of Egypt are barking like the faculty, and Columbus found the dogs which he had previously carried to America to have lost the power of barking. The dog of Java is said to be of a negligent laziness—an effort to speak—which he derives from his association with man.

Mahomet Made Money.—Baron Dupont, the great Paris magnetizer, has invented a magic mirror, which he supposes is the same that was used among the performers of the "black art" in former days. It is a cube, and is so arranged, that a substance resembling a dull white metal. The Baron explains its effect as being produced by the transmission of the rays of light through the glass and into the metal. Many people have been therefore induced to look into the mirror, and, while others declined, said the transports at the sight of their own countenances. The Baron has held refected on its surface various scenes of their past lives; or saw themselves engaged in acts which they remembered to have performed. Mahomet that they must be anticipations of the future.—*Paris Paper.*

Distinguishing Acids.—Copper (sulphate of copper,) is, dissolved in water, my about four gallons of water, and a solution of prussiate of potash, and a complete disablement, consuming all copies of color, and preventing offensive efforts when it becomes necessary to remove the stain. Iron is a more trifle, copperas selling for four or five cents per pound. The effect of this is to be immediately in the *Albany Cultivator* for 1844, and has been used in this village with perfect success.

Good Advice.—Jem Peel gives this good maxim advice, (which, if complied with, would prevent much embarrassment in the world.)

"Girls should talk to their female friends although a man overheard them, and with men as with their male friends."

☞ There is a London physician who is said to realize £35,000 per annum from his practice.

Agricultural.

USEFUL HINTS FOR FARMERS, THEIR SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

CULLED FROM VARIOUS QUARTERS.

BY UNCLE JONATHAN.

Making Good Home with a Gossip.—My boy, what are you doing with that glass? and I looked at the little fellow, who was busily engaged with all his might at a piece of board before him. "Trying to strike an upper hole," was the reply, without raising his eyes.

Perhaps the greatest of all trust troubles in the world—that existing upon holes with a gimlet.

Here is young A. who has just escaped from the clutches of the village doctor, who, by the way, is a most excellent man, and a very good physician, notwithstanding, unlike his brethren, he will not puff himself into notoriety, and who, by the by, is a most worthy, honest, kind, and good; this young man, who has escaped from the doctor's hands with one tongue. Nature has given him only one—but you speak with two—and pretty long ones at that.

"Father, I am an Indian, and I know not my a, b, c, and I can't read a word in a book. Father, when you came next year, don't bring Indians from the east to live with us, for they are miserable, so, unless you bring it all—Eh, eh, eh."—*Green Bay Advocate.*

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For Housekeepers.

TO DRIVE RATS AWAY.

Mr. Charles Pierce, of Maine, recommends to punch full holes in the bottom of a tin pan, and nail it over a hole, leaving some through the chamber of the rats. He says he has tried numbers, and was very unpleasant and troublesome, so that he felt impelled to devise some method of getting relief, and found for their expulsion from the premises. He punched up potash and strewed around their holes and passages under the holes, and rubbed some on the sides of the boards and under part, where they frequented. The next night he heard a great squeaking among them, which he supposed was from the caustic nature of the potash that got among their bait, as on their backs feet. They disappeared, and he has not been troubled with them since that time, which was nearly a year ago.

RECEIPT FOR COLORING BLUE WITH PURSLEY.

Take a bushel of garden pursley, (or purslane,) boil it till soft, in an iron pot or kettle, and strain out of the liquor; boil one pound of logwood, (also in iron,) for two hours, strain off the liquor and mix with the pursley water; then dissolve half a pound of copperas in soft water sufficient to cover them with the pursley water; then dissolve half a pound of pearlash in soft water sufficient to cover them